

**THE SIMPSONS**

**"There's No Disgrace Like Home"**

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by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - MORNING

LISA and BART are fighting--we see a cloud formation of heads, fists and dust. MAGGIE watches, wide-eyed. HOMER enters, and puts an end to it.

HOMER

Hey! What's the problem here?

LISA

We were fighting over which one of us loves  
you more.

Homer snuffles. There is a tear in his eye.

HOMER

Go ahead. Some things are worth dying for.

The fight starts again, with the same cloud formation.

BART

You love him more!

LISA

No, you do!

HOMER

(ANGRY) Well, you better get this all out of your system now. I don't want you embarrassing me at the company picnic.

Homer stomps off to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Homer enters to see five huge Jello molds quivering on the counter. SFX: WOBBLING NOISES. He jams his arm up to the elbow into the nearest mold and fishes out a piece of fruit. MARGE enters and sees the whole thing.

MARGE

Homer, would you please stay out of my Jello? And here I thought the kids were the ones stealing the fruit.

HOMER

Don't be silly. Our kids never eat fruit.

Homer pops a piece of fruit in his mouth, then belches.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

Hey, I'm trying to get it all out of my system now. I don't want to embarrass myself at the company picnic.

Homer examines the huge Jello molds. WE SEE his face through one, grossly distorted.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Are you sure that's enough? You know how  
my boss loves your delicious Jello.

MARGE

Oh, Homer, he just said he liked it. Once.

HOMER

Marge, I've been working there ten years.  
And those are the only words of  
encouragement I've ever gotten.

EXT. A BUMPY DIRT ROAD -- THAT AFTERNOON

The Simpsons' Car bumps along the road leading to the boss's house.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons all sit inside, each one holding a different-colored Jello mold in his or her lap (including Maggie and Homer at the wheel). With every bump in the road, the Jellos quiver in unison. Homer points.

HOMER

There it is kids. Mr. Meaney's house.

EXT. MR. MEANEY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

It is a huge mansion on a well-manicured estate with fountains and hedges--  
it looks like Tara.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons have stopped at the end of a long line of parked cars.

BART

Why is his house so big and ours is so small?

HOMER

I didn't want your mother to have to clean  
up so many rooms.

They get out of the car and begin to make the long trek to Mr. Meaney's house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE ROAD -- A LITTLE LATER

The family, excluding Bart, sweats and pants as they climb up a very steep incline on the way to Mr. Meaney's house. They carry the Jello molds on their heads--it looks like a Safari.

MARGE

Honey, I think the Jello is starting to melt.

LISA

Yeah, and my arms hurt.

MAGGIE

Wahl Wahl

HOMER

Now, come on! You don't hear Bart  
complaining.

PAN back to Bart, at the end of the line, skipping happily, carrying no Jello.

BART

That's because I left my Jello by the side of  
the road. I bet some big old moose is eating  
it now.

Homer turns and barks to his family.

HOMER

That's it!

The family all snaps to, startled. The Jellos on their heads jump up in unison, and then come down in the same place. SFX: PLOP, PLOP, PLOP.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Everyone I work with at the plant will be at this picnic. Some may even try to approach us. If they do, I want you all to show your old man some love and respect.

BART

You got it, Dad. But when I get home I'll be puking my guts out.

HOMER

(PROUDLY) That's my boy.

EXT. MR. MEANEY'S HOUSE -- A LITTLE LATER

MR. MEANEY -- a doddering, dignified Reagan-type -- greets his employees at the front door. His Forty-year-old SON stands beside him. The Simpsons stand in line behind MR. and MRS. GAMMILL, and their son TOM.

MEANEY

Good to see you. Glad you could make it.

MR. GAMMILL

Oh, thank you, Mr. Meaney. I'm so glad you invited us.

TOM

Not me. I had to miss little league for this.

MR. GAMMILL

(TO TOM) Shut that mouth or I'll shut it for you.

MEANEY

(JOVIAL) Oh, please, let's not fight. Just go inside and have a good time.

The Gammills enter the party. Meaney, suddenly cold, turns to his son.

MEANEY (CONT'D)

Fire that man.

Homer gulps, as he steps up to shake the boss's hand.

HOMER

Good afternoon, Mr. Meaney.

MEANEY

Hello, there, uh...uh...

HOMER

Simpson.

MEANEY

Ah, yes, Simpson, Simpson...

Meaney's son rapidly shuffles through a stack of index cards and hands one to Meaney.

MEANEY (CONT'D)

(READING) "Homer Simpson"? I had no idea you're still with the company. And this must be your lovely wife...(READING)..."Marge". And look at little...(READING)..."Lisa". Why, she's growing like a weed.

BART

Yeah, Boss. A stinkweed.

The family freezes Bart with a look.

MEANEY

And this must be...(SQUINTING AT  
CARD)... "Brat".

BART

That's Bart.

HOMER

Don't correct the man. (TO MEANEY) Oh,  
Boss, look what we brought...Jello.

The Simpsons all display their Jello molds. Meaney smacks his head in disgust.

MEANEY

Oh, for the love of Pete! That's all anybody  
brought. Some damn fool went around  
telling everyone I love that goop.

Meaney indicates a long table laden with dozens of Jello molds. SFX: WOBBLING NOISES. Homer is chagrined. Over the following, the Simpsons enter and set their molds down.

MEANEY (CONT'D)

Well, toss it in the pile over there. And  
make yourselves at home.

BART

Hear that, Dad? You can walk around in  
your underwear and scratch yourself.



HOMER

Why, you little...

Meaney turns to see the disturbance.

MEANEY

Trouble, Simpson?

HOMER

No, heh, heh. Just congratulating my son on  
a fine joke about his old man.

Homer pats Bart on the head--HARD.

EXT. MEANEY'S BACK YARD -- A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons survey the huge back yard, filled with fountains and a small pool. We see FAMILIES enjoying the picnic. People are throwing frisbees, playing volleyball, eating picnic lunches.

BART

Hey, Dad, why is his back yard so big and  
ours is so small?

HOMER

I didn't want your mother to have so much  
lawn to mow. (TO FAMILY) Now, remember,  
as far as anyone knows, we're a nice, normal  
family.

BART

Yeah, right, Homer.

LISA

(TO BART) Last one in the fountain is a  
rotten egg!

Bart and Lisa run off.

HOMER

Come back here, you vipers!

Homer takes off after them, leaving Marge alone with Maggie.

MARGE

(TO MAGGIE) Looks like your father's going  
to be the rotten egg again.

A WOMAN approaches.

WOMAN

What an adorable little girl.

MARGE

Thank you.

WOMAN

Why don't you ditch her in the nursery, so  
we can get a drink?

MARGE

Oh, I'm not much of a drinker.

WOMAN

(POINTING, O.S.) Is that your boy, throwing  
stones at the swans?

MARGE

(HORRIFIED) All right--you twisted my arm.  
Let's go.

INT. NURSERY - A LITTLE LATER

Marge puts Maggie on the floor of the nursery--the room is filled with  
BABIES, all quietly sucking on their pacifiers.

MARGE

Now, Maggie, you be a good girl, okay?

Maggie nods. Marge steps out of the room, shutting the door behind her. A BEAT later, Maggie tilts her head back and cries.

MAGGIE

Wahl Wahl

After a BEAT, all the rest of the babies join her in crying.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Homer walks around the backyard looking for Bart.

HOMER

Bart! Bart!

Homer passes one of the outdoor fountains--in the center of the fountain stands Bart, stripped to his shorts, in a statue-like pose, spitting water. Homer is oblivious.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Where are you, boy?

Bart spits water at Homer, hitting him in the back of the head. Homer spins around and pulls Bart out of the fountain by the neck.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Listen, you mutt...

BART

Careful, Homer. Blow a gasket and you lose your job.

Homer puts Bart down gently.

HOMER

(FORCED CHUCKLING) Right you are, my boy.  
Now it's time for the Father-Son Sack Race.  
You remember the rules?

BART

Yeah. Shut my mouth and let the boss win.

HOMER

Yep. It's the American way.

BART

No wonder this country's going down the  
tubes.

EXT. BACK YARD -- A LITTLE LATER

Bart, Homer and other fathers and sons stand in potato sacks. It is the middle of the race. Mr. Meaney is in front. He takes a hop, then the rest of the contestants take a hop, making sure to stay behind him. Meaney takes another hop. The rest take another hop, staying behind the boss.

BART

Man, this is lame. (LOUDLY) Honk, honk,  
comin' through!

Bart starts hopping ahead at top speed, passing Mr. Meaney. Homer notes this with wide-eyed horror.

HOMER

Bart! No!

Bart nears the finish line when Homer hops up behind him and tackles the boy. Slowly, Mr. Meaney hops ahead to win the race.

BART

Nice going, Dad. I was in danger of bringing  
pride to the Simpson family.

EXT. BACK YARD - PUNCHBOWL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marge drinks punch with several of the other WIVES. They also have big  
hairdos. Marge tosses back a glass of punch.

MARGE

(TIPSILY) I don't want to alarm anyone, but  
I think there's al-key-hol in this punch.

Marge starts to refill her glass, sloppily.

WIFE #1

Uh, Marge...maybe you better slow down.

MARGE

(IMMEDIATELY MOROSE) You're right. It's  
just that I'm so unhappy. My Homer works  
at his lousy stinking job every day from nine  
in the morning till eight at night.

The wives look at each other.

WIFE #1

My husband gets off at five.

WIFE #2

Mine, too.

The other wives murmur assent. Marge reacts.

MARGE

(SING-SONG) Time for another drinkie.

EXT. BACK YARD -- ANOTHER AREA

A very nice BOY and GIRL stand several yards apart--a REFEREE with a bullhorn stands behind them.

REFEREE

(ON BULLHORN) Okay, boys and girls. Toss  
those eggs!

The boy lobbs an egg to the girl, who catches it, unbroken. We see other teams of kids playing as well.

BOY

Great catch, sis!

GIRL

Oh, it was easy--thanks to your wonderful throw.

BOY

Thank you so much.

Homer approaches.

HOMER

Come with me, kids. The boss is gonna make  
a toast.

GIRL

We're not your children.

HOMER

No, but I wish you were.

BOY

Very amusing, but I believe those are your  
children over there.

He points. We see Bart and Lisa rapidly hurling dozens of eggs at each other--it looks like a battle. Eggs splatter everywhere, including on the kids.

HOMER

Bart, Lisa!

Bart lets one last egg fly, hitting Homer on the head.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Get over here!

Homer does a slow burn. The egg fries on his head.

BART

Well done, Dad.

Homer grabs the egg off his head and eats it.

EXT. BACK YARD - PUNCHBOWL AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marge continues to drink with the other women. They are all singing.

MARGE

(SINGING) Here we sit, enjoying the shade.

OTHER WOMEN

(SINGING) Hey, brother, pour the wine!

MARGE

(SINGING) Drink the drink that I have made.

OTHER WOMEN

(SINGING) Hey, brother, pour the wine!

Homer approaches, dragging Bart and Lisa.

LISA

Uh, oh. Mom's on a bender.

HOMER

Snap out of it, Marge. You've got to come  
with me--the boss is going to make a toast!

MARGE

(SLOSHED) I'm not much of a drinker...

She knocks back another drink.

HOMER

Well, you picked a perfect time to start. At the company picnic. In front of everyone I work with!

MARGE

Oh, it'll give those fuddy-duddies something to talk about on Monday.

Homer looks at the ground, defeated. He kicks up a pile of dirt.

HOMER

I'm going to be crucified.

MARGE

Homer, right now you look so cute. Like a sad little puppy. Yes you do!

She puts her arms around his neck, and nibbles his ear.

HOMER

Save it for the boudoir, Marge.

He starts to exit, with Marge clinging to his neck. Marge is dragged along, leaving furrows in the ground as she goes. The kids follow.

MARGE

Oh, Homie, you drive me crazy.

HOMER

Ditto.



EXT. BACK YARD - ANOTHER AREA - SUNSET

The Simpsons and the other families are assembled to hear Mr. Meaney's toast. In the valley off in the distance, we see the sun setting over the nuclear power plant. On a table is a cake shaped like the power plant. Meaney holds up a glass. His son hands him some index cards.

MEANEY

(READING) "Thank you all..." (NEXT CARD)

"...for coming."

Marge alone applauds and whistles.

MARGE

(TO MEANEY) Great speech...handsome.

HOMER

(FROM CORNER OF MOUTH) He's not finished yet.

MARGE

Oh, Homer, I'm just trying to save your hide.

MEANEY

(READING) "And let's hope that someday every family will be a nuclear family."

The workers applaud. The Nice Boy and Girl beam at their Nice Father.

NICE BOY

Are we a nuclear family, father?

NICE FATHER

Well, we certainly have that special glow.

He kisses his son on the cheek. The crowd goes 'Awww'.

HOMER

(SOTTO) Quick, Bart, give me a kiss.

BART

Gross, man. No way!

HOMER

You're gonna kiss me if you have to do it  
with a fat lip.

BART

Forget it, Dad. I haven't had my tetanus  
shots.

HOMER

Bart, please. If you let me kiss you, when  
we get home, you can hit me with a board.

BART

It's a deal. But no tongues.

Homer gives Bart a kiss on the cheek. Bart looks sick--his head turns blue  
then red then green then yellow then black. Then he keels over onto his  
back. Meaney walks up.

MEANEY

What happened to the boy?

HOMER

Beaned by a frisbee, I believe.

INT. NURSERY - A LITTLE LATER

Marge woozily looks at all the babies.

MARGE

(POINTING) I'll take that one, and that one,  
and two of those...

WIDEN to see Lisa, and Homer with the still-dazed Bart wrapped around his  
shoulders.

HOMER

Just grab the kid and let's go.

Lisa grabs Maggie as Bart comes to.

BART

The horror...the horror...

EXT. DIRT ROAD - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are making the long walk back to their car.

LISA

Well, Dad, at least we behaved better than  
last year.

HOMER

Yeah. My job is safe till the Christmas party.

The Simpsons get to their car. Ahead of them, the Nice Family is getting in their car, which is parked right in front of the Simpsons'. Homer turns to the Nice Father.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Boy, I'm glad that's over. Now we can go  
home and act normal again.

NICE FATHER

What do you mean?

HOMER

You know. Now we can pound our sons  
instead of smooching with 'em.

NICE FATHER

I assure you, our kiss was genuine. We  
are a happy family. Come along, children.

# HOMER'S POV

The Nice Boy holds the car door open for the Nice Girl.

NICE BOY

After you.

NICE GIRL

Thank you so much.

Homer's POV switches to his own car. Lisa and Bart fight to get inside.

LISA

Me first!

BART

No, me!

Lisa gets in. Bart pulls her out onto the ground, and jumps in. Homer's POV shifts back to the Nice Family. Nice Mother jingles the car keys and smiles sweetly at her husband.

NICE MOTHER

Honey, would you like me to drive? I don't  
want you to get tired.

Homer's POV shifts back to his own car. Marge hangs her head out the passenger seat window.

MARGE

(MOANING) Ohhh, Homer, I think I'm going  
to be sick.

Homer's POV shifts back to the Nice Family's car. The car is shiny and white. The family members are all now dressed like angels, in white robes, wings and halos. The car starts to drive off.

NICE FAMILY

(SINGING) There was a farmer had a dog  
And Bingo was his name, oh...

The car takes off into the sky.

NICE FAMILY (CONT'D)

(SINGING) B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O.

And Bingo was his name. Oh!

Homer looks back at his own car. It is red and flaming, and Homer's wife and kids are now devils with pitchforks.

MARGE

Homie, get in the car.

LISA

This is where you belong.

BART

Yeah, Homer. Quit being such a loser.

MAGGIE

Wah!

Homer looks back at the Nice Family car, which has now almost disappeared into the clouds. He starts to run after it.

HOMER

Wait for me!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THAT EVENING

Marge lies on the couch, an ice bag on her head. Maggie and Lisa sit on the floor, watching TV. Homer enters and shuts off the TV.

HOMER

Listen up! It's time for a family meeting.

Where's Bart?

From o.s., a board whacks Homer on the head. PULL BACK to see Bart wielding it. Homer grabs Bart by the collar.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That's it, boy. This time I really will throw you in the furnace.

BART

No way, man. We had a deal--a kiss for a whack. How about this offer--three more kisses and I get to run you over with a cement mixer.

HOMER

Forget it.

Homer rubs his head, then grabs the ice bag off Marge's head and puts it on his own.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(TO FAMILY) Look, I've been wondering how to say this to you. I'm disappointed in you, I'm ashamed of you, I think you're ruining my career, and I can't stand all of you. I guess what I'm saying is, there's just not enough love in this family.

BART

I'm sorry Dad. Let's kiss and make up.

He gives Homer a quick peck on the cheek, then whacks him again with the board.

HOMER

Bart, that deal is history.

BART

So is this two-by-four.

Bart holds up the board--it has a big dent shaped like Homer's head.

HOMER

This is not a normal family.

BART

Well, duh.

HOMER

In fact, we're the worst family in town.

MARGE

Maybe we should move.

HOMER

That's not going to solve anything.

LISA

It would if we leave Bart behind.

Bart socks Lisa. A fight breaks out. Homer points to the fight.

HOMER

See that? We're savages. I'm surprised they don't send missionaries to our house.

(THINKING) And if they did, the kids would probably put him in a pot and cook him.

MARGE

Oh, Homer, all families are like this.

HOMER

Oh, yeah? Well, there's only one way to find out.

EXT. NEIGHBOR #1'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Simpsons stand on a neighbor's front lawn, peering in the dining room window. Marge holds Maggie up so she can look. The Simpsons are amazed at what they see.

HOMER

Look at that, kids. No one's fighting, no one's yelling, no one's using the corkscrew to open the cat...

WE SEE inside the house. It is a Norman Rockwell scene. A polite, well-dressed family enjoys a turkey dinner.

LISA

What's that thing the Dad's using?



MARGE

That's a napkin, dear.

LISA

Wow.

BART

These people are obviously freaks.

HOMER

Oh, you think so? Well, let's see what's  
behind Door Number Two.

The Simpsons move as a group, with the background blurring behind them.  
SFX: MANY RAPID FOOTSTEPS. They stop short, taking an identical position  
at Neighbor #2's house.

BART

There, you see, Homer?

Inside the second house, two KIDS watch as the MOTHER ties a blindfold on  
the FATHER.

BART (CONT'D)

They're sending their Dad out to the firing  
squad.

HOMER

No, Bart. They're enjoying a friendly game  
of Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey. Why don't  
we ever do that?

LISA

You said the pins hurt your butt, Dad.

HOMER

(FRUSTRATED) Aren't you kids getting  
anything out of this?

BART (O.S.)

I am.

We see Bart peering through another window.

BART (CONT'D)

Their teenage daughter just stepped out of  
the shower. Whoa. Hubba hubba. Va va  
va...

Homer chokes Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

(CHOKING) Voom?

The Simpsons again move as a block on to the next house, with Homer  
dragging Bart by the neck. SFX: MANY RAPID FOOTSTEPS. They step in  
front of the WILLIAMS' house. The Williamses are happily chatting in the  
den. MR. WILLIAMS sits in an easy chair, holding a newspaper. We cannot  
hear them.

LISA

What are they doing? They're not playing  
anything, and the TV's off.

MARGE

They're having a conversation. They  
actually enjoy talking to each other. I just  
wish we could hear what they're saying.

INT. WILLIAMS DEN - CONTINUOUS

We hear what the Simpsons cannot.

WILLIAMS BOY

Papa, I believe we have trespassers on the lawn.

MR. WILLIAMS

So we do. Get me my gun, would you, son?

The boy leaves.

MRS. WILLIAMS

What kind of ammo would you like, dear?

MR. WILLIAMS

Hollow points, Mother. They don't leave such a mess.

Mrs. Williams exits.

EXT. WILLIAMS' LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons look on, puzzled.

LISA

Where are they going?

HOMER

Probably to get the old man his pipe and slippers.

MARGE

They seem so nice . We should have them over to dinner.

Suddenly, Mr. Williams is out on the porch, blasting away with his gun. SFX: GUNFIRE. The Simpsons run off under a hail of bullets.

BART

Another Simpson family outing ends in  
gunplay.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

The Simpsons lean against the house, catching their breath. Lisa peers in the window.

LISA

Hey, look at this place. There's nobody  
home.

HOMER

Well, it's a good thing. (CHUCKLING) I just  
trampled their flower bed.

MARGE

Homer, this is our house.

Homer stops chuckling. Marge, Lisa, Bart and Maggie start to head inside.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Are you coming in, Homer?

HOMER

No.

LISA

Come on, Dad. I'll fetch your pipe and  
slippers.

HOMER

I don't have a pipe and slippers.

BART

I'll get you a pack of Kools and your socks  
with the holes in them.

HOMER

Forget it, boy. I'm going to a place where  
the people are civilized.

INT. MOE'S BAR - NIGHT

It is not civilized. MOE and the PATRONS yell and cheer at a bloody boxing  
match on the wide-screen TV. Homer stands at the bar, glum.

MOE

Did you see that, Homer? He broke the guy's  
jaw.

HOMER

(SAD) Yeah, yeah, yeah.

MOE

What's the matter? That usually brings a  
big, stupid grin to your face.

HOMER

I've got problems, Moe.

MOE

Well, I can help. In my twenty years behind  
the bar, I've heard 'em all. Just tell your  
problems to Professor Moe.

HOMER

I've got a family that I'm ashamed of that's  
ruining my career and making my life  
miserable.

Moe thinks for a beat.

MOE

Want some pretzels?

HOMER

If you think it'll help.

Moe gives Homer a bowl of pretzels, which he eats. LOU, a black cop, and  
EDDIE, his white partner, enter.

EDDIE

Evening, Moe.

MOE

Eddie, how's it going?

EDDIE

Not too good. I totalled the squad car, the  
captain's been chewin' my butt off, and now  
they got us pulling the graveyard shift.

MOE

(AFTER A BEAT) Want some pretzels?

EDDIE

No, thanks. We're on duty. A couple of  
beers would be nice, though.

Moe gets them two beers.

LOU

Listen, Moe...we're looking for a family of Peeping Toms that have been terrorizing the neighborhood.

EDDIE

The leader is a male caucasian, with coarse, almost ape-like features.

LOU

You seen anyone fitting that description?

Moe looks over at Homer, who puts the bowl of pretzels right over his face, to cover it. The pretzels all fall in his lap.

MOE

Not lately.

LOU

(TURNING TO HOMER) How about you, pal?

Homer shakes his head, still keeping the bowl clapped tight over it. More pretzels spill out.

LOU (CONT'D)

Well, keep your eyes open.

The cops take their beers and exit.

HOMER

(TO MOE) Great. Now we're wanted by the cops. My family's worse than Manson's.

MOE

Oh, Homer. You Simpsons aren't so bad. It's all in your head.

HOMER

You really think so?

MOE

Sure.

Homer turns to BARNEY, who is face down on the bar.

HOMER

Barney, what do you think of my family?

BARNEY

They'd make pigs vomit.

HOMER

Why, you...

Homer punches Barney. They begin fighting. Not caring, Moe goes about his business, polishing glasses.

MOE

(QUIETLY) Break it up boys. Take it easy.

Settle down there.

BARFLY #1 (O.S.)

Hit him again!

BARFLY #2 (O.S.)

Hey, that was below the belt!

WIDEN to see the barflies are ignoring Homer's fight, to watch the boxing match on TV. The bout is, punch-for-punch, exactly the same as Homer's fight. On TV, one BOXER throws an uppercut, knocking out his OPPONENT, as Barney simultaneously knocks out Homer with an uppercut. SFX: BOXING BELL (ON TV), CHEERS.

BARFLY #1

Great fight.



BARFLY #2

Wish I could've seen it in person.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(ON TV) All-Star Boxing is brought to you by  
"Dr. Marvin Monroe's Family Therapy  
Center". We want to be your family's fight  
doctor.

A commercial comes on. Moe starts to make an elaborate cocktail, pouring in various liquors, mixing them in a shaker and adding a cherry. Moe then leans over the bar, and pours the mixture onto the face of the unconscious Homer, who lies on the floor.

HOMER

(COMING TO) Huh...what?

MOE

(RE: TV) Watch this. I think it might help  
you.

Homer staggers to his feet to watch a commercial. On TV we see a close-up of a HUSBAND and WIFE in bed. (The following plays like a Schick Center alcohol treatment ad).

WIFE

(ON TV) Honey, aren't you going to work  
today?

HUSBAND

(ON TV) No. I can't.

WIFE

(ON TV) But this is the third day in a row  
you've missed.

HUSBAND

(ON TV) What's your point?

WIFE

(ON TV) Honey, you have a problem. And it won't get better till you admit it.

HUSBAND

(ON TV, SIGHS) You're right. I do have a problem.

On TV, WIDEN to see the Husband and Wife are handcuffed to the bed. Their two fiendish CHILDREN gleefully run around the bed.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

(ON TV) My family stinks.

On TV, the Girl starts pouring gas from a can onto the bed. The Boy waves the handcuff keys in his parents' faces.

BOY

(ON TV) Hey, Mom and Dad--Happy Anniversary! (HE CACKLES)

On TV, we CUT TO: the overweight DR. MARVIN MONROE at his desk.

DR. MONROE

(ON TV) Does this scene look familiar? If so, I can help.

PULL BACK from the TV to see Homer staring at the ad--it has struck a nerve. The other patrons mock Dr. Monroe.

BARFLY #1

Look at that fat pig!

BARFLY #2

The only problem he could help with is  
getting rid of my leftovers.

HOMER

Shhh! I mean, uh, let's hear the stupid  
things this porker has to say.

DR. MONROE

(ON TV) No gimmicks, no pills, no fad diets.  
Just family bliss, or double your money  
back. Call today!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(ON TV) Dr. Marvin Monroe's Family  
Therapy Center. 1-800-555-HUGS.

SUPER (ON TV): 1-800-555-HUGS

BARFLY #1

He probably cures people by threatening to  
sit on 'em.

BARFLY #2

I'd hate to see that shrink before he shrunk.

HOMER

Does he actually expect people to call 1-800-  
555...uh, what was the rest of it?

MOE

"HUGS".

BARNEY

Hey, Homer, are you actually gonna call that guy?

HOMER

Uh, yeah. (COVERING) I'm gonna call him a big fat hippopotamus! (NERVOUS CHUCKLE)

Homer bolts for the phone as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Marge, Lisa, Bart and Maggie are watching television. Homer enters.

HOMER

Time for another family meeting!

He shuts off the TV.

LISA

Why can't we have a meeting when you're  
watching TV?

HOMER

Because I can't do two things at once. Now  
listen up. I have figured out how to save  
our family.

BART

Good work, Dad. Meeting adjourned.

Bart turns on the television with the remote control. Homer turns off the television manually.

HOMER

As you can see, this family needs therapy.  
So I've made us an appointment with Dr.  
Marvin Monroe.

BART

The fat guy on TV?

LISA

You're sending us to a doctor who advertises  
on pro wrestling?

HOMER

Boxing, Lisa, boxing. There's a world of difference.

MARGE

Homer, are you sure this is the right thing to  
do?

HOMER

Honey, I've given this matter a lot of study.  
And of all the commercials I saw, his was  
the best. (BEAT) All it costs is two hundred  
and fifty dollars.

MARGE

We don't have that kind of money.

BART

Yeah, Homer. All you got on you is thirteen  
dollars and eighty-two cents.

HOMER

(SUSPICIOUS) How'd you know that?

BART

Uh, lucky guess.

HOMER

Well, then, we're just going to have to dig  
deep. Marge, go get the kids' college fund.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

HOMER

Let's face facts. They're not really gonna get in anywhere. Lisa, you search the couch cushions for change. Bart, listen carefully-- there's a tin box I keep hidden in my...

BART

Save your breath, Dad. I know where it is.

HOMER

But you don't know the combination I secretly selected.

BART

Sure I do. Zero-zero-zero. Later, dude.

Bart, Lisa and Marge exit. Homer turns to Maggie.

HOMER

You know, Maggie, I have a feeling that boy is sucking on the family nest egg.

Homer picks her up off the floor, and a few coins drop out from under her clothes. Maggie gives Homer a sheepish smile.

CU ON COFFEE TABLE -- A LITTLE LATER

Money is piled on it. PULL BACK to see the Simpsons, gathered round. Marge is counting the pennies.

MARGE

...forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty. Thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

HOMER

That's it? That's what we've been scrimping  
and saving for all these years?

BART

Yeah, Dad. We could've been living like  
kings off that money.

HOMER

Well, I'm not licked. To save my family, I'll  
sweat and slave and work like a dog till I  
come up with that money. (BEAT) Unless I  
can think of an easier way.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - LATER

WE SEE a prominent "PAWN SHOP" sign. Homer approaches, carrying the  
TV. His family follows, clearly upset.

LISA

No, Dad! Please don't pawn the TV!

HOMER

Now, I'm doing this in the best interests of  
this family. Besides there's plenty of fine  
entertainment on radio. I believe Fibber  
McGee and Molly are still on from time to  
time.

BART

Geez, Homer, we live worse than the  
Waltons.



MARGE

Homer, couldn't we pawn my engagement ring instead?

HOMER

Now, I appreciate that, honey, but we need two hundred dollars here.

Homer goes inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Homer approaches the PAWN BROKER'S cage and sets the TV down in front of it.

PAWN BROKER

Afternoon, Simpson. You here to pick up your silverware?

HOMER

Not today.

PAWN BROKER

How about Bart's archery set?

He indicates a bow and arrow, propped beside a target with Homer's picture stuck on it.

HOMER

God, no.

PAWN BROKER

So what can I do you for?

HOMER

(HOLDING UP TV) Would you pay two  
hundred dollars for this lovely Motorola?

PAWN BROKER

Is it cable-ready?

HOMER

Ready as she'll ever be!

PAWN BROKER

Well, you got yourself a deal...if you can  
bring me in some more of these bowling  
shoes.

He indicates several pairs of bowling shoes that Homer has pawned.

HOMER

No problem. I know a place that gives 'em  
out for a quarter.

INT. FAMILY THERAPY CENTER - WAITING ROOM - DAY

The Simpsons enter to see other families in need of therapy. There is a SKINHEAD family, including a SKINHEAD BABY. Another grim FAMILY OF FOUR sits in a row, each wearing an "I'M WITH STUPID" t-shirt that points to the next family member. A third family is WRESTLING: the DAD has the MOM in a headlock, while SON and DAUGHTER watch, Mom tags her daughter, who replaces her in the match, and flips the Dad.

Homer reaches the RECEPTIONIST'S window. She is very jumpy from her work.

HOMER

Is this the Family Therapy Center?

## RECEPTIONIST

Yes, it is. Please sign here. (AS HOMER SIGNS IN) Will you be paying by cash or check?

## HOMER

(PROUDLY) Cash, of course. I've got two hundred and fifty big ones right here.

He hands her a wad of bills.

## BART

If you really want to impress her, show her the big empty space where our TV used to be.

## HOMER

Quiet, you!

## MARGE

Now, Homer, we don't want to embarrass ourselves in front of the other families.

As she says this, they pass by the Wrestling Family--Dad now holds Mom over his head in a helicopter spin. The Simpsons take their seats on the couch.

## LISA

Hey, Dad here's a riddle. What's worse than finding a worm in an apple?

## HOMER

I give up.

## LISA

Having a house with no TV in it!

HOMER

Would you forget about the TV! I'm trying  
to solve this family's problems.

BART

Well, you've certainly resolved our Carson  
vs. Sajak controversy.

HOMER

That's it. It's clobberin' time!

Homer looks consumed with rage--he cocks his fist, ready to pummel Bart. Suddenly, the door by the Receptionist opens. A family GREATLY resembling the Simpsons emerges--HUSBAND, WIFE, BOY, GIRL and BABY. They are all hugs and smiles, as they cross the room.

HUSBAND

Come on, family. I'm taking you out for  
frosty chocolate milkshakes!

The Boy and Girl cheer.

WIFE

(TO MAN) Oh, I love you Gomer.

She gives him a peck on the cheek and they exit. The Simpsons stare at them in amazement.

RECEPTIONIST

Simpson, family of five. The doctor will see  
you now.

The Simpsons snap out of it and head for the door.

INT. DR. MONROE'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are seated in Dr. Marvin Monroe's office. The doctor is handing them each a pad of paper and a pencil.

DR. MONROE

I m Dr. Marvin Monroe. No doubt you recognize me from TV.

LISA

We would if we had one.

HOMER

Lisa!

DR. MONROE

No, Homer, don't stifle the child. If I'm going to help your family, they must feel free to express themselves. (TO BART) Now, young man, I'm sure you have a few beefs.

BART

You bet I do, sir. I just hope we have enough time in this session to fully explore...

HOMER

Bart!

BART

(SCARED) Everything is copacetic.

DR. MONROE

People, we've got to open up here. That's what these pads and pencils are for. I want you to draw for me your fears, your anxieties, the roots of your unhappiness.

The Simpsons start drawing. Marge, Lisa and Bart immediately flip over their pads to show the Doctor. They have each drawn a portrait of Homer.

DR. MONROE (CONT'D)

No surprises here. Homer?

Homer himself is still working hard at his drawing--sweat flying out of his head, and his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth.

DR. MONROE (CONT'D)

Homer, what have you got for us?

Homer holds up a picture of a jet plane firing bullets--it looks like a drawing a seventh-grader might do.

HOMER

Sorry. I wasn't paying attention.

DR. MONROE

Well, if you had been, you would have seen  
your family hates you.

MARGE

Now, Doctor, that's not true.

LISA

"Hate" is such a strong word.

BART

Bingo, Doc! Another successful diagnosis.

Homer growls.

DR. MONROE

Homer, instead of snapping, let's try to see  
where your family's coming from. How  
about a simple role reversal? Homer, get  
down on your knees and be Bart.

Homer kneels, grumbling.

DR. MONROE

And Bart, I want you to play your father.

BART

Yes, Doctor.

With his pencil, Bart draws a five o'clock shadow on his face, and assumes a Homerish scowl. Then he stuffs a couple of couch pillows under his shirt to make a huge pot belly.

BART (CONT'D)

Got any more pillows?

DR. MONROE

Get on with it!

HOMER

(AS BART) Hey, Homer, you big baboon!

BART

(AS HOMER) You're right, Bart. I am a big baboon. (DOES A HOMER CHUCKLE) I don't know how I was blessed with a son like you.

HOMER

Now, just wait a minute...

BART

(AS HOMER) No, let me go on. My boy Bart is the only thing that keeps me from blowing my brains out. That and the fact that I have no brains.

HOMER

Bart!

BART

Please. The name is Homer.

Homer picks up a lamp to throw at Bart. Dr. Monroe steps in.

DR. MONROE

Okay, you want to kill each other. That's good. That's healthy. All I ask is that you use these.

Dr. Monroe substitutes a padded baton for the lamp in Homer's hands. He gives batons to Bart, Lisa, Marge and Maggie.

DR. MONROE (CONT'D)

They're padded with foam rubber.

BART

You're the doctor.

The Simpsons start whacking each other with batons. SFX: WHOMP, WHOMP. After a beat, they get tired and stop.

MARGE

You know, I don't really see the point of this.

LISA

Yeah, I'm bored.

Bart slides the foam rubber covering off his baton.

BART

These things would work much better without the padding.

He whacks the Doctor in the shins.

DR. MONROE

Ow!



BART

See what I mean? Let's all play Whack the  
Quack!

Bart tries to whack Dr. Monroe again, but the Doctor grabs the paddle.

DOCTOR

(MAD) Yes, well, that concludes this portion  
of our treatment.

HOMER

Are we cured?

DOCTOR

Don't be ridiculous. There's only one cure  
for a family like this...

INT. DR. MONROE'S LABORATORY - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are seated in a stark white laboratory. They are all wired  
with electrodes--each has a bank of buttons in front of them. It looks like  
A Clockwork Orange.

DOCTOR

...Ten thousand volts of electricity. Each one  
of you is wired in to the rest of your family.  
You can shock them, they can shock you...

Bart hits a button, and Homer is electrified. SFX: BZZZZZ.

HOMER

Arrrgh!

BART

Just testing.

DR. MONROE

However, the buttons should only be used  
when all other means of communication  
have failed.

HOMER

All right, Bart, you asked for it!

Homer hits a button, and Maggie is zapped. She cries.

MARGE

Homer, you monster. How could you shock  
an innocent little baby?

HOMER

My finger slipped?

Marge hits a button. Homer is zapped.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Arrrgh! Bart, this is all your fault!

Homer hits a button. Lisa is zapped.

LISA

Arrrgh!

BART

Ha, ha, missed me again.

MARGE

Don't sass your father.

Marge hits a button, zapping Bart.

BART

Arrrgh!

**INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The SCREAMS of the Simpson family can be heard clearly in the waiting room. The lights in the room dim repeatedly, each time a Simpson gets the juice. The Receptionist and the three families in need of therapy look scared.

**SKINHEAD KID**

Do you smell burning flesh?

**SKINHEAD DAD**

Yeah. This place is too weird for me.

The Skinhead family gets up and heads for the exit.

**INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS**

The Simpsons are now zapping each other with wild abandon--at least three of them are being electrified at any one time. The room fills with smoke.

**DR. MONROE**

(PANICKED) Stop! Stop! Oh, they warned me  
not to try this on humans.

The Receptionist runs in.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Doctor Monroe! Your other patients have  
fled the building!

**DR. MONROE**

Simpsons! Please, stop! I can't help you!

The Simpsons all stop their zapping.

**MARGE**

Gee, I thought we were making real  
progress.

**DR. MONROE**

No, I'm sorry, you're not. Please, just go.

HOMER

Wait a minute. Your ad said we get double  
our money back!

Homer hits a button, and Marge is zapped.

MARGE

Arrrgh!

HOMER

Sorry, Marge. I was aiming for him.

Marge zaps Homer, and suddenly all the Simpsons are zapping each other.

DR. MONROE

All right, I'll give you double your money  
back. Just go, and never tell anyone you  
were here!

HOMER

It's a deal. Arrrgh!

BART

(FINGER ON BUTTON) That was one for the  
road, Dad.

INT. WAITING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The Simpsons are exiting the reception area. They are all hugs and smiles,  
resembling the Simpson-like Family that passed through earlier, except that  
the Simpsons are charred and smoldering. Homer holds up a big wad of bills.

HOMER

Wow! Five hundred big ones!

MARGE

Homer, you finally found what it takes to make us a happy family.

LISA

It's not the money as much as the feeling that we earned it.

BART

We should do it again, man.

HOMER

No, right now we're going to go down to the pawn shop and get our TV back.

LISA/BART/MAGGIE

Yay!

MARGE

That's wonderful, dear. But on the way, could we stop for something to drink? For some reason, I'm a little parched.

HOMER

Are you kidding? I'll take you all out for frosty chocolate milkshakes!

MARGE

Oh, Homer.. I love you.

She gives him a peck on the cheek. Actual sparks fly as we:

FADE OUT

THE END